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G.D. Chittenden

THE JOURNAL

Since 1889

The Literary Magazine of Wofford College

Volume LXXXX: Number One

January, 1979

THE JOURNAL

Editor
Chuck Carr

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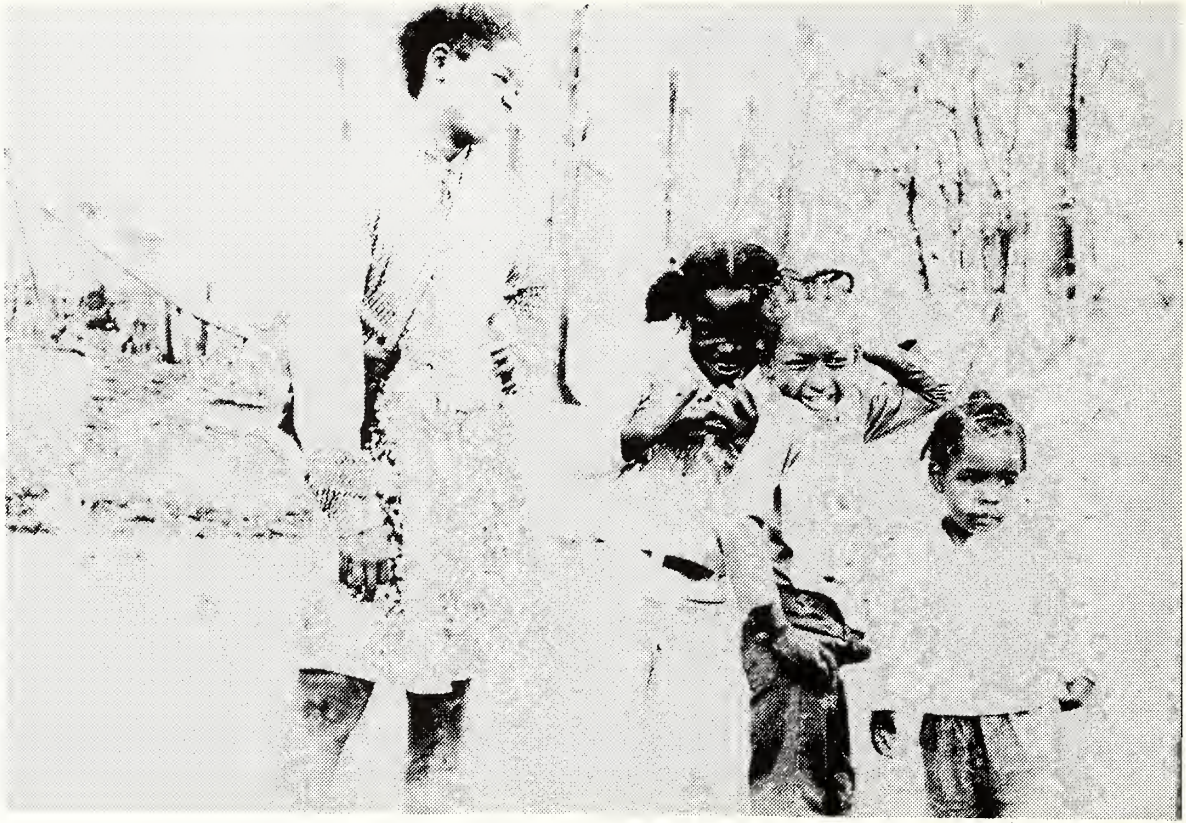


Photograph: "Unbiased Judge"
Tony Villanueva

BACKYARD KNIGHTS

Delacia Pinckney

With wooden swords and cardboard shields,
They went marching off to fight,
Aluminum armor and horses of steel,
So played the "Backyard Knights."

King Arthur was their leader,
Sir Pete was second in command,
They rescued pretty ladies,
When they needed a hand.

One day a fiery dragon
Came raging through the town.
He crushed all the people,
And burned their buildings down.

Arthur called in his men,
They all prepared to fight.
"We'll kill the mighty dragon!"
So cried the "Backyard Knights."

On horses of steel they did ride,
To save the mighty country.
Slashing swords and cardboard shields,
Killed the mighty dragon.
Pete loaded the beast on his horse
The faithful little red wagon.

A hero's welcome they did get
When they returned to town.
Peanut butter sandwiches!
Enough to go around.

If ever you have a dragon,
Or you need someone to fight,
All you need do is call
The "Mighty Backyard Knights."

Journal, February, 1912
—by A Freshman

O Converse, fair as
The lily white;
A modest creature
To my sight.

Your step is so light,
Your figure so neat,
What makes you so pretty,
What so sweet?

Every move so light,
And so elastic,
Remind the boys of
Light fantastic.

Your hair so abundant,
And pretty and fair.
Is it really your own?
Does it always stay there?

Every move full of grace,
You approach as a dream,
Like a fairy frolicking
On a bright sunbeam.

A peach you are
So real, so sweet,
You look quite good
Enough to eat.

THE PAINTER

Bob Thomas

The brightest colors of his palate transform into dingy blue upon the dusty canvas as the painter unceasingly maneuvers his brush in a slow rhythmic pattern. As the clock ticks away, a short-lived breeze creeps in through the window temporarily disturbing various strands of his golden white beard. He doesn't blink his eyes.

He's in his own world - - a world in which men are to rot and souls to perish. All creativity is destroyed. All good turns sour. All petals become thorns. He has never known success, and now he is nothing more than a mechanized portrait of himself.

Cobwebs are suspended from the effete artist's easel. As the clock ticks away, he continues to paint with no perspective, no imagination. The canvas displays a dimensionless hallway of emptiness leading nowhere. The wrinkles upon his forehead never flinch. His body never moves except for his arm - which continues in its slow rhythmic pattern. Laughter can be heard miles away as this effigy of a man silently, endlessly paints.

POEM

James W. Kimmell, Jr.

Silence

hangs
about
this
room
like
faded
National Geographic
photographs
scotch-
taped
to
the
walls.

I hope my stereo electrocutes
the bastard that stole it.

The faceless man of my dream ran easily, gracefully down the sandy track. His strides were long and light and his arms flowed smoothly up and back, up and back in loose, pumping rhythm. His breathing was deep and even, although by the condition of his clothing I judged the distance behind him great. Like the lone marathon runner, he glided even faster across a meadow now, a plowed field then, with a mosaic of roads and bridges in between.

Like a voiceless cry he was here and gone, stretching his long slender legs into great, bounding strides. In his hand he held a small box, which he grasped firmly, as one would carry some great treasure. To this day I wonder as to its contents, but he has run beyond my grasp and I will never catch him to ask.

Swiftly, swiftly he ran into the magnificent forest of pine and spruce. Roots of trees so ancient they witnessed the deeds of medieval dings snatched at the runner's feet, but like a dancer his toes hit spots that an eagle would not have noticed. In my sleep I stumbled upon these roots but still my mind was with him.

As he passed beyond the most distant tree of the wood, people began to appear along his path. They smiled and cheered him on as they would a champion of racing. Having no mouth he merely waved and ran faster, never tiring. The people seemed happier to see this man run past, gripping tightly his little box. At least, most of them did.

Just ahead two girls sat playing jacks on the steps of a school. Neither girl was smiling, nor did they wave as the man approached them. One stared as from the bottom of the deepest well while the other slowly rose and approached the school door. The door was locked. I know in my heart it was locked, but without key or care she turned the knob and the door swung open. I knew then that she was Evil.

The man, sprinting now, turned from the streets of the town that had sprung from deep in my brain and in one great bound he was up the thirteen steps of the school . . . almost. The girl and the evil looked at one another. Their eyes met and vision fused. The man's soaring foot was

caught in that unearthly gaze and he fell, soundlessly moaning, into the corridor of the building. That tiny, fragile-looking box slipped from his grasp and skittered out of reach, undamaged. The faceless man lay prone, lifeless, as the two snatched the box and ran deeper into the building which suddenly had no door. The people turned their suddenly empty faces away, and the day grew dark as the sun's brilliant golds turned to brown.

After a time the man stirred and rose awkwardly to his feet. He took one heavy, halting step, then fell again. He lay for a moment more, then tried again. This time, he took two steps, and as his legs buckled he caught himself. Once he had steadied himself he commanded his legs to make another effort, worth three steps. Stop, regain balance, four, stop, regain balance, five . . .

On his thirteenth try he did not fall. He churned like a wild man down the hall to begin his search for the box. The school building that had lost its doors had become a circle. Round and round he ran, faster and faster, like a trapped animal, seeing nothing save the walls that enclosed him.

As he began his thirteenth lap he saw them sitting in the center of the building. He ran towards them madly, leaping countless desks and chairs. They did not see him until he was almost upon them. One last leap, and his hands closed around the box, but as he landed his bare foot was impaled upon a jack. His silent scream of pain shattered the stillness of the night and I jerked, cutting my heel on the bedpost.

"Thief!" shouted Evil's voice as the runner leapt through the open window of hope. "Thief!" she screeched, following him out into the street. The people's faces lost their blandness and the sun burned black with vengence.

"Thief!" they cried in unison. "Thief! Catch him! He is escaping!" They ran after him as fast as hatred could move them.

The runner once more sped gracefully down the sandy track. Through the forest he flew like a dancer, avoiding its snatching fingers. His pursuers slipped and stumbled, falling like grass before the scythes of their own hatred. The man emerged, far ahead of those lurching beasts that hounded him. More people appeared on the streets of yet another town, the product of my mind. Some spat as he passed. Others tried to kick him as he ran. The bolder ones even tried to catch him, but nimbly, he dodged them all, running, running. A gap widened between him and the men that chased him until finally he had run beyond the range of their narrow sights. Still they followed the bloody footprints that grew ever brighter as the jack cut deeper into his heel.

Soon it seemed inevitable that the runner would escape. With his every stride he lengthened the distance between himself and his pursuers. Like a tireless machine he bore his precious box ever closer to safety.

The sun now burned red in its lust for blood. Its rays grew hot and smote all that dared face its fury. Foliage died; then men, and finally the oceans dried up and cracked. Only the hunted and the pack remained.

Blood dripped from the man's heel, faster now. His strength at last began to ebb, and the pack grew near to its quarry. "Thief, thief!" they chanted as they drew closer, within sight. "Thief, thief!" they sang, lustily.

The man began to stagger, his featureless face contorted in agony. Ahead of him loomed a cliff, a sheer wall whose base he could not fathom. Calling upon the last spark of will within him, he dashed for it. Without hesitation he threw himself off of it.

Stunned, his pursuers watched him as he fell. Halfway down he tossed the box towards the heavens. His sightless gaze offered supplication to the God of heaven as his body was smashed as it hit the earth below.

The box rose to a great arc above the clouds. Such was the strength behind that toss! Soon, though, it too fell, slowly at first, then gathering speed, plummeting as if borne down by some great weight.

In the air, it stopped, dead, then slowly ascended like a new-born bird. It fluttered on tiny wings, but slowly gaining strength, it rose like a dove beyond sight, beyond memory, until it embraced and filled and empty sky.

The nearsighted men gathered on the edge of the cliff, preparing to go down and examine the body. Many were killed as their holds slipped on that treacherous cliff, but eventually one of them reached the body. Gently, gently he turned the shattered corpse so that is lay on its back, facing the sky. Softly, softly he touched the man's breast to try and find a pulse. His hand crept forward until it hovered just above the man's nose in search for breath, but the man was dead.

Before he turned away, he reached down and turned the man's face so that the masses gathered at the foot of the cliff could see him. The dead man's face was my own.

POEM

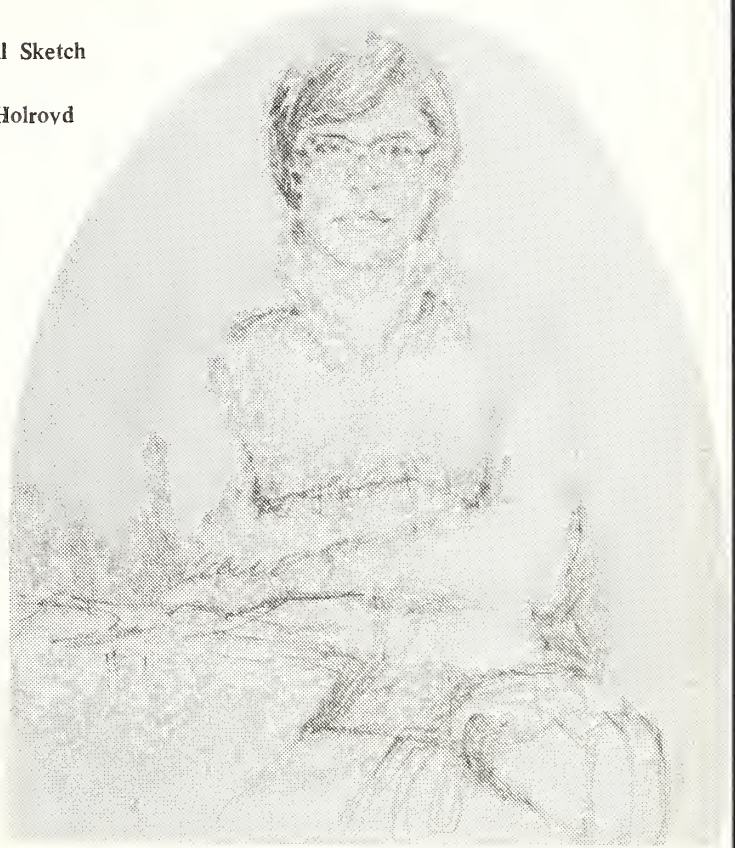
C. H. Nicholson

What do I
want to see?

Assholes and elbows.

Pencil Sketch

Lee Holroyd



SHIFT JOB

Tom Lowrimore

As the next shift gathers,
the last one whittles its final fifteen minutes
down to ten, then to five, four, three . . .
and at the sound of the bell the canteen will empty as the
eight-to-goers fill the
quickly vacated spots of the eight-goners.
I trudge from 4 to 12, from K to Q
and all for three-twenty-two.

INDEPENDENCE SAFETY MATCHES
(Red—tipped)

MTJ III

12

A wind's suddenness
shivers her sulferous
hair. She accepts a
cigarette, refuses
my match
and moves
down the
beach.
Slender,
quietly
waiting
for a
light.

AS COSTELLO SINGS

Earl Scott

One night laying in bed,
Watching a bug on the ceiling,
Deciding whether to kill it,
Listening to Costello singing,
"Sometimes i almost feel just like a human being,"
Thinking again about the bug,
And decided that i did not.

I picked the bug gently off the ceiling,
Put it outside the window,
Heard Costello again sing,
"Sometimes i almost feel just like a human being,"
Nodded my head
And agreed yes.

VIRGIN BIRTH

Tammi Caskey

They were both virgins,
inexperienced, yet yearning
to know.
Innocent, but not naive.
Their virginity about to
be lost.
The mother awoke
pushed them away.
And they opened their eyes
to the world.

"Music is the universal language of mankind." Longfellow

I

A record ends with blindmen tapping.
As they leave, I go along
strumming a quivering thong
to play pieces of the night.

II

On a distant courtyard balcony,
a minstrel's mandolin softly weeps.
Mistresses linger and soon they sleep
Beyond the nakedness of the lyrics.

III

Is there no one in the music room
gathering hymns, those chanted echoes?
Alms and mercy are quick melodies
from beggars, all begging for escape.

Trudge the beach, old man, stiff
in cold winters of your fatigue.
The driftwood tides come and if
you are weary do not argue.

Toiler of toils, scraps
for the wrath of hungry seagulls,
driftwood tides come and trap
the depths and emptiness of shells.

Red-stained horizon dries
a beach strewn with passing shadows.
A gray gull windward flies,
the winged waiting follow.

The Sun is Stretching it's illuminous rays down, brightly,
across the morning sky,
as when waking, my arms, do I.
Gleaming, Glittering, Glistening waves
of Radiant, Red—orange light emitted,
come Beaming through the window,
Blinding my essential, though as of yet,
unattentive sight - so cold.

TECHNOLOGY

Tom Lowrimore 16

As children we watched the street–rain
and called it frog parades.
Each splash would twirl and dance
as the flight would be completed:
more than merely wet, the rain had meaning.

As I've grown older, now personally knowing
hydrogen and carbon
and oxygen being an acquaintance of mine,
the rain doesn't dance anymore;
it merely precipitates.

I am a newfangled woman living in my own personal post history. My problem of vital needs has been left far behind me. I have known nothing but a full stomach, a clothed body and the dry, warm comfort of shelter. I am free to realize myself. I am no longer rooted in the material conditions of life. Not I, but another has executed a project of making the world available to me. All that is left to me is to be my own self-project.

If work (man's action on the world of Nature) is what humanizes man, then I am lost to humanity. I am alienated and I must seek the source of my alienation - - my feeling that I am shadow and not substance; that I flicker and disappear in a world of light which reveals me fleetingly only as the extension of other real persons, glimpsed only as a complement to their existence.

Some might say that if I suffer from self-estrangement, as I claim, it is because my work is not self-expressive. I cannot recognize myself in the product of my work. I produce no product. My own labor confronts me as another's property. The words which I weigh as a student are my mentor's. They were his when he said them; they were his when I wrote them down; and though he has shared them with me, they are still his when I, after honest deliberation, repeat them as my own.

Nor do I find fulfillment in the achievements of my family. My contribution to their successes is so completely obscured, metaphored or dissipated as to be unrecognezable when they reach their goals or my goals for them.

So I cry out for self-realization. But I cannot search for its means in history. Work is minimized for me. I am in post history. I must find my full authentically human life in a new way. I am alive in a period of transition. My project must be the becoming of my self and the forging of meaningful relationships with other becoming selves. For lack of direction and example, I grope and clutch. I falter and stumble. I am neither a child of history nor a self-realizing being. I am estranged. I cannot recognize a suitable self in the past nor can I envision one for the future. I prefer the transcendent realm of thought, yet I live in the world of concrete reality. I want to escape the material and seek self-expression in the spiritual. But models and means elude me.

Marx was wrong. Newfangled men are not working men. Newfangled men must find themselves apart from their identity with work. They are men cut loose from man's initial project and challenged to discover of, perhaps, create his second. As a perceptive observer has noted, they are men for whom new vital needs are

evolving. In seeking to live a genuinely human life, by appropriating "his total essence in a total manner," the newfangled man turns to the development of other aspects of his nature - - imagination, creativity, reflection, abstraction, speculation and all those other known and unknown facets which make him who stands open for the openness of Being in which he stands, by standing it the most enigmatic of creatures.

So where does that leave me? In my existence; in my open-standing, standing-in in the unconcealedness of Being, from Being, In Being, I am a novice. But Marx is not my mentor. What he can teach me about myself, I have long since outgrown. I marvel at his insight, his perseverance, and his conviction that he was the onlooker to whom history chose to reveal herself. But for me the Marxist problem has been solved and while Marx's thought penetrates, surrounds and excites me, its ultimate value is a static somnolence, an obsolescence whose usefulness is as a solid, quiescent starting point for nascent and more thoughtful thinking.

Ink Drawing: "Dear Diary"
Tony Villanueva

I.

He coaxed the cat to sleep
on his dying wife's feet before
turning to his poetry each night.

Bubbles burst in her throat
while he sipped bourbon
in the dim light. When the worm
burrowing through his skull reached
his brain, he began writing.

If the cat moved, he returned it.

II.

Trixie and Alice hold down the fort
on the silent screen while my tea boils
till it's black. With The Reader's Encyclopedia
on the floor beside me, I compose a poem
about [illegible] inside me.

One afternoon, we listened to Charlie Parker
and solved the riddle of Che's death smile.
You sat on the cot in your cabin, barefooted,
and asked if I thought the cars on
and asked if I thought the scars on your feet
were stigmata. On the windowsill, the cat
named for your ex—husband fell asleep.

The Blue Angels bisect the sunset and explode
into static. Outside, a bird sings two notes
again and again. I stop breathing and listen as it
fills the night as you've said your soul
someday shall.

I have trouble sleeping these days.

III.

In the morning, I find a scrap
of paper beneath a curling pizza crust:

"He looked dashing on horseback."

A COLLEGE EDUCATION

Bob Remler

1.

The expert wrecking crew surveys the building and begins the assault.

The deep foundation shudders as the main supports give way . . . . Dust settles upon debris.

2.

Salvage workers sweating—Scavenging. Here they pile useful materials for future construction . . . .

Mostly loading countless trucks with useless fragments. The naked ground awaits.

3.

A frustrated foreman squints at barely legible blueprints. Hollow see—through walls arise in spite of mixed materials and indecisive owners who continually make changes.

4.

The exterior appears complete, a blend of new and old. Construction workers exit, leaving incomplete interiors to owners who will "complete during occupancy." Not yet comfortable but at least a shelter from wind and rain.

The mountains,
darkened ground could be seen
far in the distance
as I lay on a warmed hill
looking forever upward
at the fading daylight,
outlined behind what I knew
to be
just another thunderhead.
But the shimmering crown of light
spread on the white,
backdropped clouds
was just a passer—by (as it turned out)
that never quite made it
to becoming our first
thundershower.
And when slowly
my bidy lifted to walk, withdrawing homeward,
my mind's eye
seemed to linger
on my escaping view
of this now spent sunset,
as my feet walded
as my feet walked
instinctively down their path.

Upon the pressing of the breeze,
birds of the grain surge against
leaves of dusk.

Migrations beyond the mulberry
into the sun . . . always to the source of the sun.

Once denied bamboo,
a second print bled darkly
across the simple composition:

An angular man plowing the soil
beneath the sky . . . too often weeping.

Drops from the leaves carved
the vacont face as the plow
gashed land.

"It is of the tradition of Sharaku, "my eyes wondered,
"So realistic."

"Perhaps a reflection of Hokusai, "the stained palms moved,
"So dramatic."

Photograph
Tom Lowrimore

the staircase, Down

mtj iii

(2 a.m.) teakwood incense squanders wicks
and basements of kaleidoscopic
ogres.
ashes lengthen, baloons
(heads on strings) drift while
Upstairs Innocents survive real
and taut.

(3 a.m.) restless beasts someone hungers
for tapered women smoldering
with singular passions (hunger
lustily for raspberry jelly
donut holes. sweet cream ladies
they no
no no.

(4 a.m.) candles, the heat you feel
is equal to the warmth we steal.

SOUND OF WAR

Roger McCollum

"A war!" cries fear
Then straightway comes a malicious tear
That dictates men's hearts,
As the August night is dark and drear,
The causeway of hope departs.

A silence creeps over the land
But majors strike up the band
And tears of men flow free,
While blood stains my brother's hand,
For what was meant to be.

To live on or to die is not for us to ask
For declarations shall end out task
But not before men die,
When shall splendor cover the mask,
Of the forlorn battle cry?

The glory of the ages past remains
For those who search with true and earnest hearts.
To find it takes but four ingredients,
A tranquil nook, a chair, a lamp, a book.
A thrill it is to watch events of old,
Take place before the mind's own searching eye!
There's Noah' Ark, and Jonah's whale reborn,
Of Shakespeare's madcap prince at Boar's Head Inn.
While nerves are tingling with the Reb's suspense
Of swiftly charging to the point of Death.
My heart beats quick, a thousand lives I live
Before the moon gives way to morning light.

— James William Seeley
(First Place Co-Winner,
1964 Helmus Poetry Contest)

(The Black Knight and the White Knight
Stared across the table upon which they were playing chess.
It was a strange game for they were fighting for the control of a pawn.
They thought their own of it would be best.
The White Knight saw that his pawns were turning black,
So he let the Black Knight have the pawn and
It turned into the color of deepest night.)

A pig possessed with a dog's spirit stared from the mountain
Into the valley.
He saw the slop there and said to himself,
"I must have it all!"
With snout held high and prancing of hoof,
He went down the mountain.

(The Black Knight started a small grin
And the White Knight only looked.)

The pig came into the valley and saw
That the slop was really a field of many things.
(None were alike; all were quite the same.)
Most lust for H'taed.
H'taed? H'taed made life beautiful (so they thought).
H'taed was power unlimited.
H'taed was given for the taking.
H'taed replaced all other things and controls you
With an iron grip.
In order to enjoy H'taed, they must go to H'taed
(For H'taed was made of H'taed)
And the things knew not how to get there.
The pig squealed, "I know the way to H'taed, follow me!"
A horde followed him gleefully,
Leaving a silent group behind
That looked and shooked their heads.

(The Black Knight's grin was now a small smile with teeth
And the White Knight only looked.)

The horde came upon H'taed.
They saw the glistening towers
And yelled with delight.
With the pig in the lead, they charged the place,
Tearing the beautiful buildings apart,
Ripping up the streets,
Smashing the jewels that adorned the corners.
While they were destroying H'taed, H'taed changed them.
They turned into pigs,
Squealing pigs with snouts in the air,
Rooting pigs looking for slop,
Greedy pigs that were willing to grab all they could for themselves.
The head pig said, "Let us tear up all we can of H'taed

And go to our homes and enjoy our treasure."
Every pig started grabbing all that he could and fights started.
Many were killed.

(The Black Knight started a small chuckle
And the White Knight only looked.)

A pig stood in front of a mike and sang,
Singing of lust, singing of love,
Saying they were the same.
Many listened to his lies and got into trouble . . .
The pig sang on.

The things in the valley who looked
Decided what to do.
They hit the pigs
And took their bottles.
They hit the pigs
And took their bottles.
They cursed the pigs
And blinded their eyes with tears.

(The Black Knight stopped laughing
Ant the White Knight only looked.)

The pig with the dog's spirit looked at the things
And hated them.
His dog spirit told him what to do.
K I L L !
He lead the pigs forward saying:
"Kill them and your fun will be restored !
Kill them for they are the scum of the earth !
Kill them and all will be right again !"
They trampled the things.
The things went in a cloud of iridescent dust.

(The Black Knight laid in the floor and roared
And the White Knight only looked.)

The pigs had fun as it was before.
They went on going on train rides, listening to bottles,
And singing their songs.
The life left their hearts,
And carcinoma angels hugged their bodies.

I looked over the hill and into the valley
And I saw what they've done.
I saw row upon row of
Neat little graves.
The pigs were finding gateways to other places.
They were now beyond the point of being saved.
K I B R O T H – H A T T A A V A H !*

(The White Knight rose from behind the table,
And grabbed the Black Knight,
Canging him into a quickly, fading memory.
He snatched the black pawns
And they joined their master.)

The few pigs who were still alive
Turned into their true identities
As putrid pools and rotting masses.
The Earth sighed in relief
And finally found true peace.

(The White Knight gently picked up
The few pieces that were still white or slightly gray,
And walked away into the clouds.)

* For those of us who can not read the Hebrew tongue, this translates "The graves caused by lust."

CHESS

Tom Lowrimore

Photograph
Tony Villanueva

My sixteen lie in a know of my own tying
Which I'm betting my opponent can't untangle.
Alas, the rip—cord is found and pulled as far
as possible with a single move.
My game unravels and falls limply on the board like
a two minute egg, cast against bricks.
I lick the cold leather boots of Defeat and watch
women fall; just as my kingdom does.
Once home I burn my last stick of cinnamon incense,
and call it a night.
The nightlight shines until morning.

IT WAS LOVE ALL THE SAME

Kem Molony

Once upon a time,
I dared to dream a dream.
I sometimes ask myself why.
It was a good dream—
created of love
Sustained by care
Upheld by indestructible threads of hope.
One day I awoke to a nightmare
To find that my dream was a dream
Of a candy—cane castle
Sustained by clouds of marshmallow creme
Upheld by spun—sugar threads.
And I knew I had to leave.
As I leave my candy kingdom
And head for a brand new world,
I find my eyes wide open
Refreshed from my long lovely sleep.
I find my feet unbound by the marshmallow mud.
I see my path clear and clean straight ahead.
And as I begin my new journey
I see a mirage for away
Of a candy—cane castle
Sustained by clouds of marshmallow creme
Upheld by spun—sugar threads.
Waiting for the time
When, once again,
I dare to dream a dream.

Photograph: "Low Pay—Hard Work"
Chuck Carr

THE PATH

Roger McCollum

The wisdom of mossy—gray bark,
Lo, visions of the meadow lark;
For these I crave.
Many events of the forest do seem,
As soft and kind as a lofty dream;
This peace I crave.
The path goes forth, yet I stand still,
All light has past, I lose my will;
The sad be brave.
When dawn shines past the leaves,
Through the forest my path still weaves;
For life I crave.

'NIGHT BIRDS'

G. G. Ballard

Black birds sing out,

but make no motion

to hastefully fly

away.

As the moon beams

on the wire - -

where they stay,

sitting.

Answering darkness,

questions on the wind. . .

Photograph:
Tom Lowrimore

EST
INE

Man is incomplete
When self is guide;
His life is meaningless;
His soul is dead.

Yet into the darkness he plods,
On an unknown path;
The road leads only to despair,
But he gropes on.

Then, mysteriously appearing,
A light points the way
Onto a seldom-trodden highway;
A straight and narrow track.

Man's soul now lives and thrives;
His spirit is uncowed;
God is guide;
Man is complete.

Photograph:
Tom Lowrimore

— Wiley B. Cooper
(First Place Co-Winner,
1964 Helmus Poetry Contest)

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the journal

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Wasaw Island

A wooded island off Savannah's coast
facing eastward
changing with the storms.

A driftwood forest stands amid white sand beach.
Scrub brush hedge trimmed flat by northeast gales
gives way to

Inland pools, then fertile woods
grown thick with pine and scrub oak,
guarded by spanish bayonets and briars.

The northern end moving southward daily
leaves the Civil War bunker (once concealed
in the forest) stranded in the surf.

A hatching ground and burial place for loggerheads;
bleached shells become decaying
headstones.

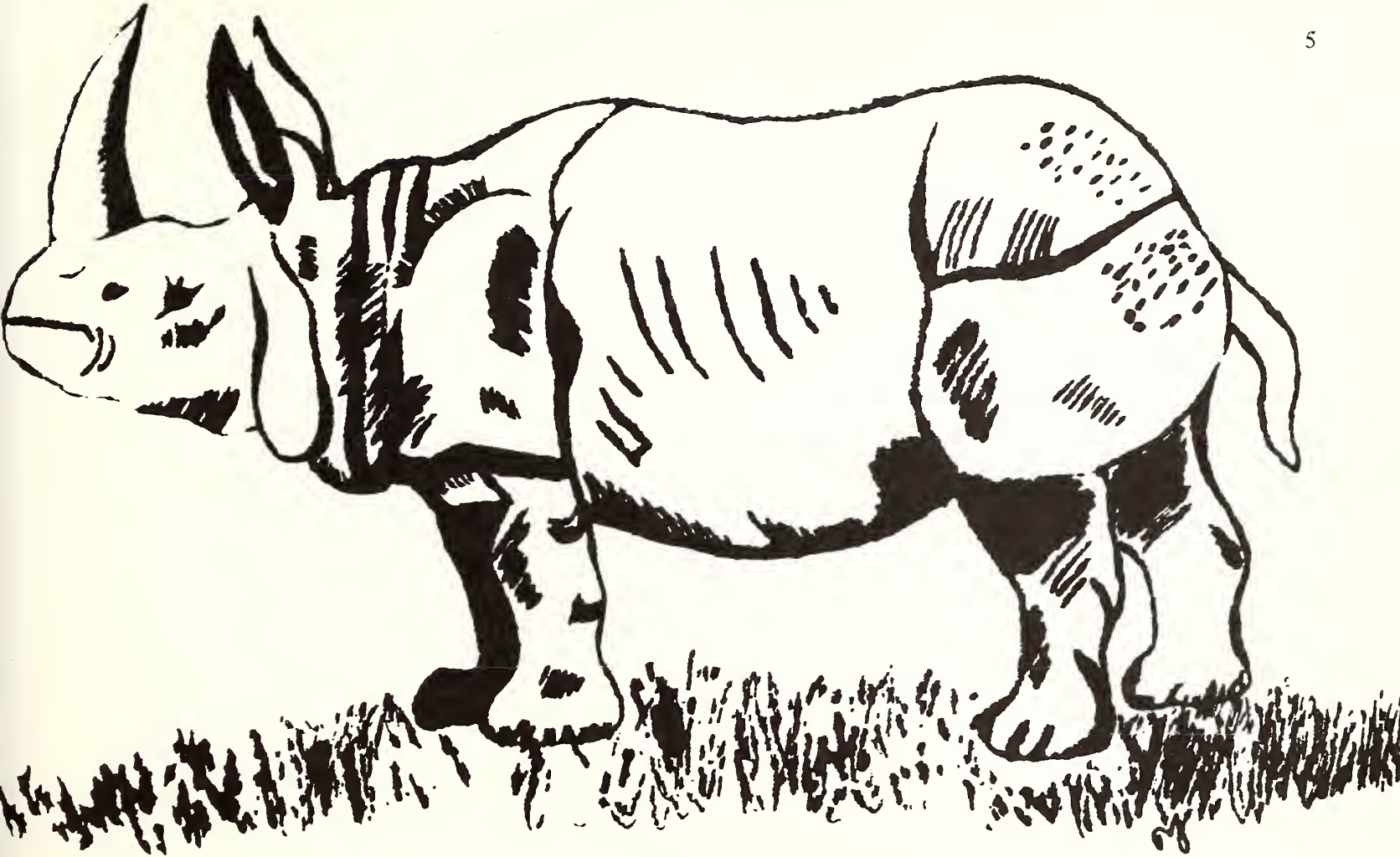
A sandcrab takes cover in a buck's track as a boar trots down the beach,
with the arrogance of the last Samurai,
then returns to the green haven, where even the occasional
human visitors can not follow. . .

Bob Remler

Wall

A gray stone wall,
waist high, stands
decaying, alone.

Max Moore



The Windy City

All that I had with me were the clothes on my back, a set of clean underwear, a toilet kit which my parents gave me as a going away present, and the orders the Navy Recruiter gave me after I swore to defend my country. My orders were in a brown envelope and on the outside of it, printed in big type said, "REPORT TO NAVAL TRAINING CENTER GREAT LAKES ILLINOIS, no later than 2400, October 15, 1975." The Navy also gave me plane fare to Chicago where I was supposed to catch a bus to the training center.

Landing in Chicago's O'Hare Airport I never realized how big the airport really was, compared with Logan in Boston or the airport in down-town Charleston, South Carolina. As I walked off the plane and into the lobby I was amazed at the size of the airport from within. There were big sheets of glass used as walls and you could look out through them and watch the planes take off. There were people everywhere, rushing this way and rushing that way, each with his or her own destination and here I was in the stream of things trying to find my way out to the bus stop. I finally made it to the bus stop after almost being hustled by one of those Hare Krishna characters that wore a long orange robe, had "its" head shaved, and tinkled a little bell in "its" left hand. For some reason this place reminded me of that movie called "Airport 75" and this is just a takeoff from the movie, because of all these nuts running around in orange robes and chanting Hare Krishna. After a while I was getting pretty tired of these walking tangerines and told a cop that they were bothering me; he chased them away.

I had about an hour before the camp bus would arrive, even though I didn't have to report in for another four hours, so I thought I would find a nice quiet lounge and drink some beers. Finding my way to the lounge I walked over to a table and sat down when this lovely waitress wiggled over and asked what I would like to drink. I ordered a Bud and then just sat back and relaxed, when I noticed this one lady sitting at a table by herself.

Noticing her features, she was about 5'11", measured 36, 24, 34, blue eyes, short dishwater blonde hair, and wore the tightest pair of jeans I've ever seen in my life! She was almost built to perfection and just looking at her made my mouth water. She looked like she was in her early twenties and I couldn't help but tantalize my sense of sight with her beauty. Around my third beer I was feeling pretty good and I felt as if I had built up enough courage to go over and talk to her. As I leaned over to introduce myself the smell of perfume rose from her fully developed breasts and I couldn't help but stare at the protruding nipples, which came into full view with her lightly colored nylon sweater. Losing the courage I had built up at the other table, I started to feel nervous and my armpits started to sweat along with the beating of my heart, which at that time seemed uncontrolled. As I tried to talk to her I felt myself panicking and the words that came out of my mouth were stuttered and what I wanted to say to her wasn't what I wanted to say at all.

"Excuse me, bbbbut could you ttell mmme wwwwhere the mmens room is?" "Yes, go towards the bar and it will be on your right." "Thanks." She smiled

Then I rushed off to the mens room like a scared rabbit, boy was I nervous. As I looked in the bathroom mirror I said to myself, "All right hot shot you blew it! When you go back out there she'll probably think you're some kind of nut." Getting myself back together I went back out to the lounge, but that voluptuous looking woman wasn't at her table, in fact she was no where in the lounge. I ordered one more beer, when I felt a warm hand run up and down the back of my neck. Turning around and looking up, I saw her. She stood so close to me, I thought she was going to sit on my face and with the stroking of her hand on my neck, sent chills all over my body.

"Hi, I'm Karen, mind if I sit down?" "No, be my guest." "Oh, my name is Bob." "Well Bob, you seemed a little nervous when you asked me where the mens room was and I knew that you were going to ask me something else. So if you're thinking about picking me up, the answer is yes you can, because red hair turns me on."

Things were happening so fast that my head was spinning and it wasn't the effect from the beer. She was so forward that it surprised the hell out of me and after a little more talking I found out that she worked as a waitress at the Playboy Hotel and Club in down-town Chicago. I told her that I just wanted to talk to her and that I wasn't looking to pick her up, even though, if I had the time I probably would have. "Time?" "What are you going to do, die?" "No, I have to catch a bus to the Naval training center in twenty minutes." "Oh, so you're going to be a sailor." Trying to change the subject I asked her what she was doing hanging around in the airport. She said that she was waiting for her girl friend that worked in the lounge to get off work.

We had a couple of drinks together and I told her that I had to get back to the bus stop. "Come on, you can be a little late, can't you?" "No, I better not chance it, because I don't know what to expect if I reported late." "Well, how much time do you have now before the bus does come." "I have about twelve minutes to be exact." Suddenly she grabbed my hand and pulled me towards the bar. "What in the world are you doing?" I said. "Wait here for a minute, please?" "Ok." She suddenly took off behind the swinging doors that separated the kitchen from the bar and lounge. I could see her talking to another girl, which must have been her friend through the windows in the door. She came out of the kitchen smiling and she took my hand and led me back in the kitchen and then down this hall, where we stopped at a door, which had white letters printed on it, STORAGE ROOM' "My girlfriend gave me the keys to the storage room, so we can get it on." I felt my face blush with all shades of red and I started to feel nervous again. I was also speechless, because I couldn't believe this was really happening!

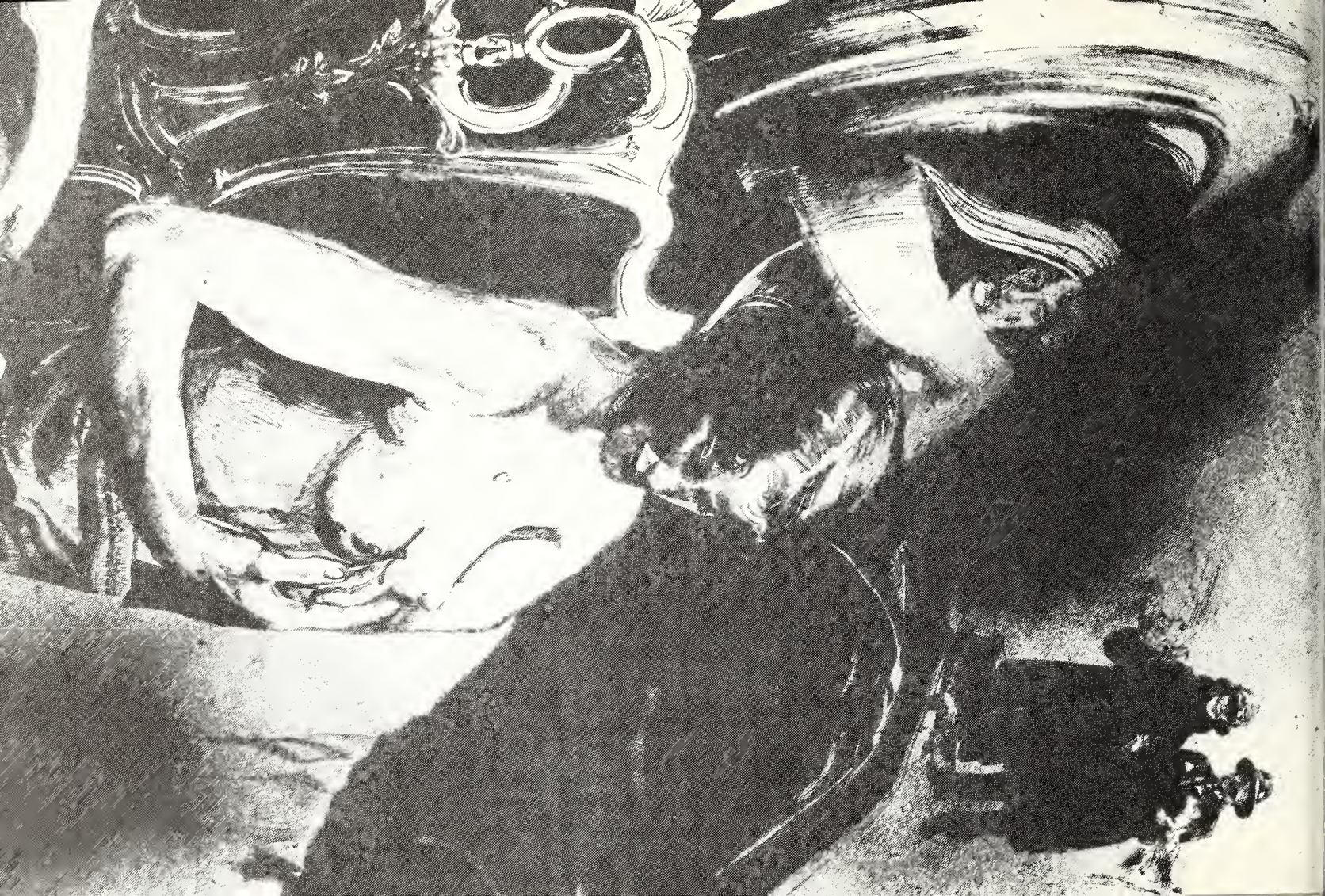
Stepping into the room, she locked the door behind her and then turned to me, wetting her pouting lips with her tongue we embraced each other with a feverish passion that made me burn up inside.

Running to the bus stop with Karen trailing behind me I thought I was going to miss it, because I had spent more time in the storage room than I expected. When I got to the bus stop there was a crowd of guys standing around with brown envelopes like mine. I heard a couple of people mutter about the bus being ten minutes late. With a sigh of relief I wiped the sweat from my forehead and hugged Karen. Then she reached into her purse and pulled out a card and gave it to me. On the card, printed in bold type, it said, "Windy City Chicago, Playboy Hotel and Club; admit only two with this pass." Stupidly I asked her what "Windy City" meant and she said that Chicago is called the windy city, because of the wind that blows off the lakes. She said that I could use the pass anytime I wanted and I could be her guest when they have private club parties.

The bus finally pulled up and as we loaded I hugged and kissed Karen goodbye and told her that I would see her in nine weeks. "All-right you bunch of raisens get on this bus." "Bye Karen." "Bye Bob."

Bob Aucoin

"Apples"
Lee Holroyd



Late-night Divorce

On the screen a dead actor comes to us.
He was a real cylinder of a man
brief as the moment at Hiroshima
and as nearly destructive.
Concealed behind puffed-up jowls there could be
an ex-President, or a devil with
more horns than the old fifty-nine Chevy
Puerto-Ricans drive through Los Angeles in.
Or maybe more horns than the Euopean ambulances
that careen down mountain roads in
late-late movies, where subtitles
disappear too quickly for our eyes to focus
or catch the meaning which also
hangs upon the screen, while faces rearrange
and mute the French words I had forgotten
from high school when we sat near
the window, looking for marriage out there
but never seeing the divorce in here, that gave
you the television set and the late movies
and the subtitles and the ambulances, like they
have in Europe, and the Chevy I paid for
in Los Angeles. Now me,
a mere cylinder of a man,
rusting like what may remain from the bomb.
We should have turned the volume down
because today I hate T.V., and I go to bed early.

Tom Lowrimore

Love Before Breakfast

It is not an accident of temperament
Which causes me always to arise before you do
But rather a habit created by the fact
That you are always there beside me.
My love for you is most intense
In those few untimely moments
Before you begin your day,
And I linger in the beauty of your sleeping.

M.L. Varner

Life in the Ozarks

In this carnival country tented and bannered
where the clay sun sits down behind roller-coaster mountains
and the heavens ride round and round and round

first you feed on big black apples
underneath the Confederate flag bedspread
you drink your fill of dust and music
and then you ring more naked women
you get tattooed in the tunnel for money
and waste your blood at the dogman's cage

and after the fireshow you climb for home
and aim your daddy's ice-pick eyes
at the greenish glow of the world's tallest Jesus
a cold five miles across the valley
trapped at the top of the wheel.

Ed Minus

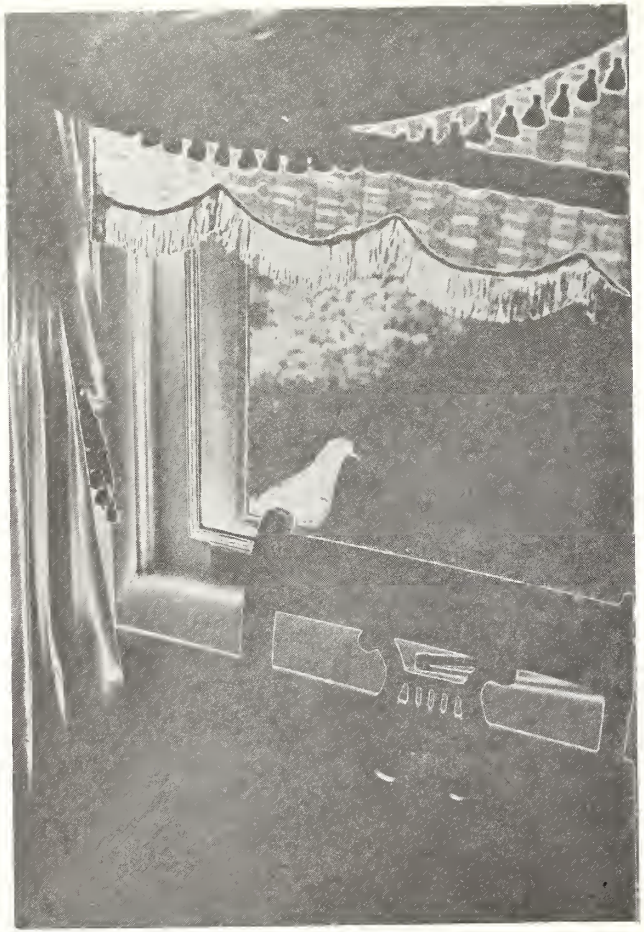
"Blade"

I am the cool unfailing sidekick
That all the mean dudes call on.
Equalizing, deadly, and hard; I'm a natural ass-kicker.
I have many styles and I can be hidden in many
Places. I care not where or how, just as long as
I'm hid. Hey, I'm very efficient, and I don't
Discriminate. I'll do you in without thought,
And I'll bust my brandisher's heart just as quickly.
I have no qualms about spilling blood.
I'm not bragging man, that's the way it is.
No matter what you may think up or whatever you
Try to do, I'll always come out on top,
I'll always be busting your ass.

Dullis Brown

"Tired Trade"
Tony Villanueva

Photograph
g.g. chittenden



3rd Prize — Helmus Poetry Contest

As Costello Sings

One night, lying in bed,
Watching a bug on the ceiling,
Deciding whether to kill it,
Listening to Costello singing,
"Sometimes I almost feel like a human being,"
Thinking again about the bug,
And deciding that I did not.

I picked the bug gently off the ceiling,
Put it outside the window,
Heard Costello again sing,
"Sometimes I almost feel just like a human being,"
Nodded my head
And agreed yes.

Earl Scott

"Archer Circle"
Jay Hutto

Dualism

Through a window:
Lively flakes doing stately dances
Falling to the ground to make a unison
Becoming of one entity
That's forming earth art of extreme beauty.

The scene can make one glow.

And that's the way of the universe.

Outside chopping wood:
Flakes of cold stinging my face
Blasts of cold air driving them on
Forcing me to wrap against Nature's doing
To prevent a unison that could be my death.

The scene can make one freeze.

And that's the way of the universe.

Earl Scott

Chansons d'Automns

The soulful sounds
Of autumnal
    Violins
Sickens my heart
With langorous
    Monotony.

Stricken and pale
When the clock strikes
    The hour
I call to mind
Days gone by
    And weep;

And go away
To the ill wind
    That sweeps me
To and fro
Just like a
    Dead leaf.

----Paul Verlaine (trans. Stanley F. Levine)
Reprinted with permission of Bitterroot

Outside

Again I must face another day.
I secretly steal a face from a mixture of bo
bottles in a drawer.
With my plastered Revlon smile, I step out
into a world of many plastic smiles and
insincerities.
Now I speak, talk, communicate.
I try to discover the life behind all
the plaster.
I pour out all my love, warmth, and truth,
only to penetrate my neighbor's face.
But, only with the same, will my neighbor reveal mine.

Nancy Hoskins

8/25/74

The old man smokes
His endless train of cigarettes
And waits with fond anticipation
For his life to end.
An old man whose laughter
Once filled a room
As he told dirty jokes
When his wife could not hear
An old man whose lap
Easily held 3 grandchildren at once

He used to gather up those grandchildren
Like so many baby chicks
And herd them to the river
To throw stones in
And watch the smooth ripples
On the oil-stained water

I need to stand and throw stones again
And see the ripples never end
I need to live in the past
When I and my Grandfather
Were both young and alive

Now he is counting the days on his fingers.
He almost laughs, he smiles for sure,
Because soon there will be
No more days
Then once again his laughter
Will fill a room.

M.L. Varner

"Correspondence Here,
Stampe Here"
g.g. chittenden

Earth Root

Sit with me, riders of the bank,
among cyprus knees
where a magnolia's broad leaves
pass in the river. Leaves were green boats
three days distance from the sea.
This was as currents flowed.
This was with empty boats.

Look downriver, look back to September
when slim branches etched evening skies
when brown speck sparrows flew
over a late boatman.

I possess not wanting to relinquish
that green boat rowed by a boy who knew
every stroked splash threw drops like silverfish.
His flannel shirt damp with sweat
and dirt the debris of sweat
darkened the green like moss when wet.

I possess but the river has lied
only brown leaves and brown sticks float by.

When the river rose in October, bream swam down
and useless bait died. I drowned
any remaining worms.

We stump fishermen thirst and he although younger
drank first and the most.
None was lost.
We passed into sleep
and I dreamed of strange fish
silent, motionless, deep,
without hunger or thirst,
mouthless.

.....

The river, mud heavy with late October rains,
broke the bank in richets
and drew out roots. Swept away
rot grey trees were but grey stains
in dark water or grey holes
torn against rocks. A curve
bent flow and swollen swift force
to millwheel planks where once
a grindstone ground. The river distrubs.

White pigeons once nested on a milling piling.
That piling was stripped away
and crushed in last year's flood.
High waters carried the pigeons two days
without reddening their feathers with blood.

When they were lifted from debris,
the boatman buried them.

The rains came heavy and often
so only a quill, skull
or thigh bone remains.

.....

The winter river is cold and slow.
To enter its waters is to know
only briefly its icy touch.
A weighted grasp thickens clothes.
Although all is struggled fro not much
is saved.

Friends dragged the river. Stell hooks
snagged his arm— a rigid twisted limb.
One boot was lost, a coat torn.

We possess the boatman but the boat is deep
among sunken leaves, sticks and where fish sleep.

.....

We buried the boatman
in late December of his sixteenth year.
Often away from the soil,
he was still of it
and was returned as an earth root.

Go no, riders of the bank,
as I cannot go
for I must dig up the pigeon's thigh
and carve an oar.

Murray T. Jackson

"Dock Side"
Marie McKenzie

Reflections

Her house is in the country and has dark stained wood sides and big windows (with awaiting shades). The front porch is covered with vines that reach to get inside, but are pushed back. Trees and shrubbery lean out and cast deep dark shadows into a lake beside the house. There is a dock on the lake and it is here that on some nights one feels naked, lying between the white waves of clouds as they ripple by overhead and their cold dark reflection on the glassy water below.

In front of the house there is an iron sculpture called "Male, Female." It has been oiled today and glistens. Bushes camouflage its base and plants hang from the long slender limbs of a willow tree. I walk behind the house where there are fields with horses and beyond peach orchards. Sweet smells still linger, and as a horse gallops across the field I remember long hair blowing in the wind and the thrill of riding.

I look out over the lake and see her father fishing its far bank. His casts are accurate and remind me of his intense style of living. I remember staying up late into the night with him, talking, playing backgammon and drinking and smoking the finest. He would push to tell me what he knows and I would listen, and learn. I notice the smell of steak and go in the backdoor. Her mother is in the kitchen preparing another meal and tells me to set the table and help her with the steak. I kiss her and begin my chores, yet I gain a pleasure in doing them. I finish cooking the steak and finally make my way downstairs.

I can hear her playing her guitar and singing another Neil Young song. As I walk into her room and sit on the floor she hesitates, but I smile and lie back and she continues. Her long brown hair and big brown eyes blend with her voice and the warm tone is relaxing. I move behind her and begin massaging her shoulders, she finishes the song and leans back against me. Then she gets up and removes her clothes, and goes to take a shower. I lie back on her bed and begin to notice the smell of her room and its warmth. There is a feeling here that moves me. It is deep inside of me and only surfaces when I am here, surrounded by her. It has caused me to stay up late into the night, staring into the darkness; but she has always put me to sleep. I stand and look at the cold reflection in the mirror and into my dark eyes. When she cuts off the shower it jolts me and I turn away from the mirror and return to her bed. And the next morning as I drive down her driveway I do not notice the reflection in the mirror, but only think of her and the possibility of returning next week-end.

Jim Newcome, Jr.

The Chance

I stepped from the store into the street and stood, gazing, smoking. It was one of those days you understand. Everyone is busy. A brisk warm breeze; the type that makes a brush or comb quite worthless. That's when I saw her. She was beautiful. I could tell by the way she carried herself that she was inward. I like inward girls. Their delusion is never as serious. But I must meet her! If she can see me, if she can look into my eyes — even for an instant — she will know. . . I can tell. She walks smoothly but is making progress. There! A flower stand ahead. I have to reach it and be ready when she goes past. I made it. Now I'll buy a flower. She's approaching. I look at her and advance a step. She slows and lifts her eyes. . . I am staggered. Now she stops. A faint smile, my soul reels. But I keep my composure. Another step and I extend my hand with the flower (it may have been shaking. Even now I'm not sure; yet it didn't feel that way). She drops her eyes toward it and gazes, then slowly back to me. I feel that if I take a breath I will die. "I know I don't know you, but it's such a nice day." "Yes," she says, "thank you." She reaches toward the flower while I stand motionless. Slowly it pulls away.

A final gaze. I already hurt. She begins to walk. Her eyes leave mine. I quiver, dammit. Around the corner. . . gone.

I am really an intact puzzle. At that moment, I crumbled on the sidewalk.

When I reached for you in bed that first morning
And knew that you were gone,
I told myself I must surely know
What death was all about,
But as the minutes turned to hours and weeks
Your face faded from my mind,
And when I washed the sheets
The smell of you was gone,
And then finally last week
The last of those horrid statues you bought
Fell from its sacred place on the mantlepiece and broke,
And as I swept out the last remaining pieces of your life
I realized I didn't know
What death was all about.

M.L. Varner

Fool Me Twice

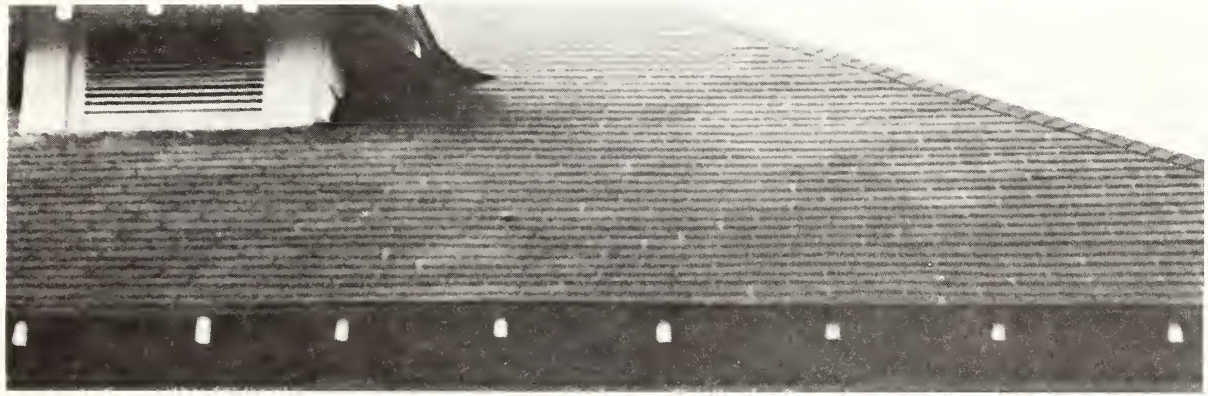
You compose your poems
Just the way you arrange everything that touches you—
Strictly for your own satisfaction.
Your poems, you think, give you the power to delegate guilt
To those of us who fail to understand.
The imagined inadequacy pleases you.

The projector in my mind
Lacks an off switch,
And, sadly, every frame of the endless reel
Illuminates my mind with your visage
Telling me that I have brought you down
Simply because I dared to love you.

Love with you has been much more pain than joy,
And remembered moments traverse my mind
As ten-ton tanks rather than fleeting butterflies.
If it would not confirm my defeat,
I would admit to you
That I never loved you anyway,
But wanted you for your reputation,
And that you are a shallow, pleasure-dominated, pseudo-philosopher
Whose only goal in life
Is to see yourself on the $14.95 poetry shelf at the local booksellar's.
It grieves me that you will be successful and much read
By that horde of pseudo-philosophers like yourself
Who won't admit they fail to understand.

M.L. Varner

Photograph
Tony Villanueva



Photograph
g.g. chittenden

Numbers 11: 4-34

(The Black Knight and the White Knight
Stared across the table upon which they were playing chess.
It was a strange game for they were fighting for the control of a pawn.
They thought that their own control of it would be best.
The White Knight saw that his pawns were turning black,
So he let the Black Knight have the pawn and
It turned into the color of deepest night.)

A pig possessed with a dog's spirit stared from a mountain
Into the valley.
He saw the slop there and said to himself,
"I must have it all!"
With snout held high and prancing of hoof,
He went down the mountain.

(The Black Knight started a small grin
And the White Knight only looked.)

The pig came into a valley and saw
That the slop was really a field of many things.
(None were alike; all were quite the same.)
Most lusted for H'taed.
H'taed? H'taed made life beautiful (so they thought).
H'taed was power unlimited.
H'taed was given for the taking.
H'taed replaced all other things and controls you
With an iron grip.
In order to enjoy H'taed, they must go to H'taed
(For H'taed was made of H'taed)
And the things knew not how to get there.
The pig squeled, "I know the way to H'taed, follow me!"
A horde followed him gleefully,
Leaving a silent group behind
That looked and shooked their heads.

(The Black Knight's grin was now a small smile with teeth
And the White Knight only looked.)

The horde came upon H'taed.
They saw the glistening towers
And yelled with delight.
With the pig in the lead, they charged the place,
Tearing the beautiful buildings apart,
Ripping up the streets,
Smashing the jewels that adorned the corners.
While they were destroying H'taed, H'taed changed them.
They turned into pigs,
Squealing pigs with snouts in the air,
Rooting pigs looking for slop,
Greedy pigs that were willing to grab all they could for themselves.
The head pig said, "Let us gather up all that we can of H'taed
And go to our homes and enjoy our treasure."
Every pig started grabbing all that they could and fights started.
Many were killed.

(The Black Knight started a small chuckle
And the White Knight only looked.)

An engineer rode a train up a mountain,
A high mountain,
With a top on which the tracks ended in open air.
The train fell off, crashing to the depths below.
The engineer felt great pleasure.
Now on a train reserved for two,
Many rode together, riding times without number.

Many pigs listened to thoughts in bottles,
Small bottles, large bottles, bottles of all kinds.
The bottles' contents did the thinking for them,
Showing them things formerly unseen,
And showing them Death's face.
When they saw him, he would grip them
With a grip of steel.

A pig stood in front of a mike and sang,
Singing of lust, singing of love,
Saying they were the same.
Many listened to his lies and got into trouble. . .
The pig sang on.

(The Black Knight roared with laughter
And the White Knight only looked.)

The things in the valley who looked
Decided what to do.
They hit the pigs
And took their bottles.
They cursed the pigs
And blinded their eyes with tears.

(The Black Knight stopped laughing
And the White Knight only looked.)

The pig looked at the things
And hated them.
His dog spirit told him what to do.
K I L L !
He lead the pigs forward, saying:
"Kill them and your ful will be restored!
Kill them for they are the scum of the earth!
Kill them and all will be right again!"
They trampled the things.
The things went in a cloud of iridesent dust.

(The Black Knight laid in the floor and roared
And the White Knight only looked.)

The pigs had fun as it was before.
They went on going on train rides, listening to bottles,
And singing their songs.
The life left their hearts,
And carcinoma angels hugged their bodies.

I looked over the hill and into the valley
And i saw what they've done.
I saw row upon row of
Neat little graves.
The pigs were finding gateways to other places.
They were now beyond the point of being saved.
K I B R O T H - H A T T A A V A H !

(The White Knight rose from behind the table,
And grabbed the Black Knight,
Changing him into a quickly, fading memory.
He snatched the black pawns
And they joined their master.)

The few pigs who were still alive
Turned into their true identitites
As putrid pools and rotting masses.
The earth sighed in relief
And finally found true peace.

(The White Knight gently picked up
The few pieces that were still white or only gray,
And walked away into the clouds.)

Earl Scott

Reprinted from the last JOURNAL. Unfortunately 2 stanzas were left out. They have been included this time.

"Solarized"
g.g. chittenden

A Warm Afternoon in Late Autumn

My grandfather didn't talk very much (my grandmother usually took care of that) but occasionally I would get alone with him for a while and he'd talk my ears off. He only talked effectively in this kind of one on one situation, his voice was so soft he could hardly make himself heard in a group. I remember particularly well one afternoon late in his life. I was about 12 or 13 at the time. It was in autumn, one of those last really pretty days before winter sets in. We sat out on the deck behind our house and enjoyed the sunshine as we talked. I remember wanting very much to go and play football with some of my friends, but my grandfather didn't get in a talking mood often so when he did I always stayed to listen. Here is what happened that afternoon, more or less:

"You know I played baseball one year when I was at Wofford. It was my first year there and somebody who had seen me play told the coach and he asked me to come out for the team. So I did and I played a good bit until about half way through the season when they began to say I was ineligible. Seems you weren't supposed to play unless you had been in school at least one semester and I'd started after Christmas. Papa held me back so I wouldn't get ahead since Paul was older."

"What happened about the baseball?"

"They wanted to throw me out of school. But Dr. Snyder knew me from Bible class and he talked them into letting me stay. He said he was sorry and I told him I be durned if I'd ever play another sport for Wofford College. He said he was sorry I felt that way but I never played another one. I played in a mill league and got paid for it.

I remember the first time I ever got any money for playing baseball. They had a sort of tournament over at Hardeeville and everybody sent a team. We had one and Ridgeland and Savannah — there was a bunch of them. We played early and after we lost I was supposed to go back and tend the store for Papa. Well we lost the first game, but some fellows on another team said they'd pay me to play for them. I wanted to play some more so I stayed and we kept winning 'till nearly dark. When I got home Papa was waiting to tan my hide, but I gave him all the money I'd earned so he figured it was all right."

"How much did you make?"

"I don't remember, it probably wasn't much but it was enough to keep Papa happy."

He pointed out two squirrels playing follow-the-leader in a tall poplar tree. We watched them for a moment and then he began talking again.

"One time Papa wanted to know what made a car run so he bought an old one and we took the whole thing apart and then put it back together again."

"How in the world did you do that?"

"We just lined the pieces up the way we took them off and then we put them back on the same way."

The squirrels raced down the tree and then tore off across the yard.

"I'll bet we had the cleanest back porch anybody's ever seen. Whenever Papa would tell you to do something he'd always end 'and scrub the back porch.'"

"Why'd he do that?"

"Just to keep us busy, I reckon. Me and Paul used to hate that worse than anything but you had to do it because he'd always check to make sure you did. That Paul used to give me the devil when we were little. I'd believe any fool thing he said."

"What do you mean?"

"Well one time we were eating a watermelon and I swallowed a seed. Paul said 'Uh oh, you know what'll happen don't you?' I said no. He said 'That's what happened to ole Mr. Johnson. He swallowed a watermelon seed when he was little.' Mr. Johnson had about the biggest belly of anyone we'd ever seen. I moped around for a week 'till Papa asked me what was wrong."

At this point he began to laugh in a peculiar way he had. He lowered his head and shook all over but he hardly made any noise at all. He was not a very pretty man to look at. He was mostly bald on top with only a few strands of white hair which he was often brushing back with one of his hands. Outside he wore a dark grey thin-brimmed straw hat which he would remove from time to time to brush his hair back. On warm days like this, he pushed the hat back on his head until it rested on his ears, which were huge and stuck out from his head. He had thin almost non-existant lips and a square set jaw and chin. He seldom showed expression except for his sharp dark eyes which were set far back under thick over-

hanging brows and behind a pair of bifocles. This strange combination of features could have been quite comical if it had not been for the expression of simple dignity which his face nearly always wore. He had a gentle polite way about him which went deeper than just good manners. This led to two strangely different statements about him. One of his wife's sisters said that he was "nasty nice." My father said that with his gentleness he could have been a real lady killer if he had wanted to be.

"One time me and a friend of mine took a couple of girls out rowing in a boat. We got out a good ways and I had to go to the bathroom. I didn't want to say anything with the girls there so I contrived to turn the boat over and went while I was in the water."

Then we both laughed together, him just shaking silently and me kind of giggling.

"I remember once when your grandmother was staying at Miz Pritchard's. We were sitting outside in the dark and she was slapping all over the place." He acted out the slapping. "She said, 'Don't you feel these mosquitos.' There were three big ones on the back of my neck but I didn't want to take her in so I said 'No, I don't feel any.' "

Again we laughed and then, he became serious.

"You know your grandmother is something else. No matter what kind of trouble or sickness anybody has, someone in her family has had it before or something like it. I reckon they have too. We took care of her father and mother after they got sick until they died. And we took care of your Aunt Stella for years. Everybody always thought Stella helped around the house while Mink worked at the post office and I was in Enoree. She made the tea, that was it. That was her job, to make the tea for lunch. Uncle Lawrence used to drink and we'd have to take care of him and Fanna Lou too. Then, when Cousin Gence had her baby and wasn't married she came and stayed with us. She wasn't a problem though because she helped out a lot around the house. J.B. was the only one, he knew what we did and he sent money to help us. He couldn't do anything livin' out in Texas but he always sent money. He told me to take care of his mother and father and he'd help take care of me later. He told me to pick out some land and he'd build us both houses when we retired and we'd live beside each other. Then durn if he didn't die. We spent a lot of years taking care of her family.

She's a beautiful person. Not on the outside where you can see it but on the inside down deep.

Doctor told me years ago that with her humped over like that if I didn't keep her moving she'd stiffen up and never walk again. That's why I take her to walk every evening. I don't care a thing about walking every evening but I do it to keep her moving, to keep her from stiffening up."

We sat quietly for a few moments, then decided to go get something to drink. We went in, me in a hurry and my grandfather walking slowly with his arms dangling out from his sides like a gunfighter ready to draw. Instead he held the door for me as I went in. I was drinking lemonade and as he got his water he noticed the dishes beside the sink, needing to be washed.

"Let's wash these dishes so your mother won't have to when she gets home."

"Aw, Mom can wash 'em."

"All right you go on out and play."

"Well, if you're going to wash them I guess I could dry them."

So we washed the dishes and as we did I noticed my grandfather enjoying what he was doing. Without knowing why I began to enjoy it too. With me, it didn't last long — just until I was through drying. Then I went out to play and left him to put them away.

Pete Cantrell

"Dimensions Above the Sand"
Marie McKenzie

The Professor

Returning from a luncheon date
The tenured professor pants and sweats
As he climbs two flights in the late August heat.
In his office he reaches for a nip of gin
And goes to the window to turn his air
    conditioning up.

Across the street he sees
A sweating, heaving, jostling mass
Fighting for position as the rebound comes off.
A hand reaches up and jerks the ball down;
The rebounder holds it above his head
Like a stone he is lifting
To crush a man's life out with.

The professor mutters something
And reaches for another nip.
The he goes
(For what seems like the millionth time)
To tell bored, sleepy students
What great critics have said about The Illiad.

Pete Cantrell